

# BLANKET-FAIR, OR THE History of Temple Street.

Being a Relation of the merry Pranks plaide on the River  
Thames during the great Frost.

*To the Tune of Packington's Pound.*

1. Come listen a while (though the Weather be cold)  
In your Pockets & Plackets your Hands you may  
I'll tell you a Story as true as 'tis rare, [hold.  
Of a River purp'd into a Bartholomew Fair.

Since old Christm<sup>as</sup> last  
There has bin such a Frost, [crost.  
That the *Thames* has by half the whole Nation bin  
O Scullers I pity your fate of Extreams,  
Each Land-man is now become free of the *Thames*.

2. Is some Lapand *Acquaintance* of Conjurer *Oates*,  
That has ty'd up your Hands & imprison'd your Boats.  
You know he was ever a friend to the Crew  
Of all that to Admiral *James* has bin true.

Where Sculls once did Row  
Men walk to and fro,  
For e're four months are ended 'twill hardly be so.  
Should your hoes of a thaw by this weather be crost,  
Your Fortunes vould soon be as hard as the Frost.

3. In Roast Beef and Brandy much money is spent  
In Booths made of Blankets that pay no Ground-rent,  
With old fashionald Chimneys the Rooms are secur'd,  
And the Houses from danger of Fire ensur'd.

The chief place you meet  
Is call'd *Temple Street*,  
You do not believe me, then you may go see't.  
From the *Tempe* the Students do thither resort,  
Who were always great Patrons of Revels and sport.

4. The Citizen comes with his Daughter or Wife,  
And swears he ne'er saw such a sight in his life:  
The Prentices starv'd at home for want of Coals  
Catch them a heat do flock thither in shoals;  
While the Country Squire  
Does stand and admire  
The wondrous conjunction of Water and Fire.  
It comes an arch Wag, a young Son of a Whore,  
lays the Squires head where his hee's were before.

5. The Rotterdam Dutchman with fleet cutting Scates,  
To pleasure the crowd shews his tricks and his fears,  
Who like a Rope-dancer (for all his sharp Steals)  
His Brains and activity lie in his Heels.

Here all things like fate  
Are in slippery state,  
From the Sole of the Foot to the Crown of the Pate.  
While the Rabble in Sledges run giddily round,  
And nought but a circle of folly is found.

6. Here Damsels are handed like Nymphs in the Bath,  
By Gentlemen-Ushers with Legs like a Lath;  
They slide to a Tune, and cry give me your Hand,  
When the tortering Fops are scarce able to stand.

Then with fear and with care  
They arrive at the Fair,  
Where Wenches sell Glasses and craft Earthenware;  
To shew that the World, and the pleasures it brings,  
Are made up of brittle and slippery things.

7. A Spark of the Bar with his Cane and his Muff,  
One day went to treat his new rigg'd Kitchenstuff,  
Let slip from her Gallant, the gay Damsel try'd  
(As oft she had done in the Country) to slide,

In the way lay a stump,  
That with a dam'd thump,  
She broke both her Shoestrings and crippl'd her Rump.  
The heat of her Buttocks made such a great thaw,  
She had like to have drowned the man of the Law.

8. All you that are warm both in Body and Purse,  
I give you this warning for better or worse,  
Be not there in the Moonshine, pray take my advice,  
For slippery things have bin done on the Ice.

Maids there have been said  
To lose Maiden-head,  
And Sparks from full Pockets gone empty to Bed.  
If their Brains and their Bodies had not bin too warm,  
'Tis forty to one they had come to less harm.